

The Middlebury Register.

VOLUME XVI.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 15, 1851.

NUMBER 25.

The Middlebury Register

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY

J. H. BARRETT & J. COBB.

OFFICE IN BEEWESTER'S BLOCK, ON MAIN-ST.

TERMS.

By Mail, or at the Office, per annum, \$1.50.
It is not paid within the year,..... 1.50
By Carrier,..... 2.00
It is not paid within the year,..... 2.25
G—No paper discontinued until arrears are paid.

All communications must be Post Paid
G—V. B. Palmer is our agent in Boston
and New York.

T. S. M. Pettingill & Co., 10 State Street
Boston, are our authorized Agents.

Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the editor, are considered as wishing to renew their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them till all that is due is paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their paper from the office to which they are addressed, they are held responsible till their bills are settled with their bills and ordered their papers discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

6. A Postmaster neglecting to inform a subscriber that his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for his subscription price.

ELGIN

SPRING HOUSE.

THE ELGIN SPRING HOUSE is now open for the reception of visitors. The proprietor having added several well finished rooms, and made other improvements in his premises, feels confident that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. The rooms are spacious, and are highly recommended by the best physicians in the country, to whom reference may be had, viz: Drs. Bradford and Maxfield of Vergennes; Drs. Allen and Russel of Middlebury; Drs. Green and Converse of Fair Haven; Dr. Heinegg of Burlington; Dr. Harton of Colchester; Dr. Huntington of Middlebury; Dr. Newell of New Haven. The Proprietor will run a carriage to the Depot at Vergennes in connection with the cars for the accommodation of visitors and boarders. All orders for water promptly executed and forwarded to Boats and Cars to any part of the country.

Post Office Address, Vergennes, Vt.

S. ALLIN, PROPRIETOR,
Elgin Springs, Panton, Vt.

May 10, 1851. 2—
N. B.—The water from the above Spring, is forwarded by Mr. Allin to Elgin Springs, where it is sold at a price slightly higher than the water, which is supplied exclusively on hand, which will be furnished to those who wish to test its virtues, at a reasonable charge.

Sept. 30. CALUMUS COLUMBI.

The Middlebury Register A Hundred Years Ago.

Where is she gone?—she used to be,
And sound her merry jubilee,

And beat the forest low;

Or peal the sun's sounding tone,

That over the high hills was known.

A hundred years ago?

Where is the young and graceful fawn,

That leapt o'er the water blue,

That slept at the water's flow;

But trifled with the red man's ear,

When roaming near the mossy shore,

A hundred years ago?

Where is the bright birch-bark canoe,

That floated o'er the water blue,

That slept at the water's flow;

But trifled with the red man's ear,

When roaming near the mossy shore,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those giant forests found,

That once did cluster all around,

Where now the farmers sow;

Where roams the hunter merry glee,

Beneath the richly tasseled tree,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those spirits bold and free,

That wafted o'er the stormy sea;

Where Fortune's winds did blow,

And settled on this smiling shore;

A Colony, in days of yore,

A hundred years ago?

Where are the hearts that used to beat

For Freedom's cause, to them so sweet;

That bled they did below;

And bled her altar, and her fires,

To purify the Pilgrim skies;

A hundred years ago?

Where is the maid with rosy cheek,

That used of happiness to speak;

Within its fervent glow,

Who lighted up her forest home,

With her sweet and gentle tone,

A hundred years ago?

Where is the maid with rosy cheek,

That used of happiness to speak;

Within its fervent glow,

Who lighted up her forest home,

With her sweet and gentle tone,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those roguish acting boys,

That were the smiling maddening boys;

In days of old, we know,

That dashed around in "long-tailed blues,"

Or whirled about "high-topped shoes."

A hundred years ago?

Where are those roguish acting boys,

That were the smiling maddening boys;

In days of old, we know,

That dashed around in "long-tailed blues,"

Or whirled about "high-topped shoes."

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;

Whose suds were flowing slow,

That used to laugh to see the boys;

When dashing in their youthful joys,

A hundred years ago?

Where are those gray headed men,

Whose youthful sports were ended then;